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THE OBSERVATOR.

Of the Publick News. Of the Safety of the Queen and Government. The General and Particular Reasons of its Safety, &c.

From Wednesday May the 15th, to Saturday May the 18th 1706

Obs. WHAT News hast pick'd up at *London*, Honest *Country man?*

Country-m. News! Master, there is thundering News come by the last *Post* from *Holland*. The *French* Fleet is run away to *Tholoun*, and Sir *John Leake* is got into their Station before *Barcelona*, where the Seige is raised; and the young *French* **Perkin** has met with *Conti*'s Fate; he's March'd Home without a Crown; *He's gone*, some say, *on Board the* French *Fleet*; others say, *He's March'd to* Rousillon *with his Army*; but it's agreed on all hands that he is gone; as King *James* said to his *Hounds*, *Peace be with him.* He and his *French Mlyrmidons* have Pillaged the Poor *Spaniards*, and serve 'em right enough, who did not know their Natural Prince from a *French Perkin*; or when their King was Dead, they could not Assemble themselves in *Convention*, and fill the *Vacant Throne* as we did when our King was Graciously pleased to run away. Master, I am for putting the Kingdom of *Spain*, the Dominions and Territories thereunto belonging, into the Possession of the House of *Austria*. But, Master, I don't love the *Spaniards*, because they don't love themselves; they don't mind their own *Liberty* and *Property*.

Obs. Every People have their peculiar Fancies; some delight in *Freedom*, others in *Chains* and *Fetters*; some have been so long under the Oppression of *Arbitrary Princes*, that they don't know what *Freedom* is, and are so incurr'd to *Slavery*, that *Freedom* would be the worst Portion: Like a Cag'd Bird, should he be set at Liberty, he would be out of his Element; he has forgot the way of Living which Nature provided for him; and should he come among the *Free* Inhabitants of the Air, who are in Possession of their *Native Rights*. he has forgot the *Notes* of *Freedom*; and should he Chirp to them the Language he learn'd in his *House of Bondage*, they would pull all the Feathers from his Back.

I take a *Slave*, that is so of *Choice*, to be a Degree worse than a Beast. He that is made a *Slave*, sent to the *Gallies*, or other *Confinement*, has a force put on his *Freedom*; but he that makes *an Actual Surrender* of his *Liberty*, acts the part of a *Fool* and *Madman* at the same time. I am never for keeping those who *want to be Slaves*, in the same Country with those that *resolve to be Freemen*; and, therefore, I would heartily desire the Infamous Race of *High-Flyers*, *Tackers*, *Nonjurors* and *Memorialists*, to make their Departure to *France*, where the *Government* will suit with their *Principles*, and not make a People Uneasie who are Content with their own *Freedoms*, and Live under the *Happiest Government* in the World.

Country-m. Master, we are Accidentally fallen into a Discourse that I have long thought of: 'Tis a strange thing to me that these *High-Flyers* and *Memorialists* should long for *Perkin* and a *French Government*, when we can never have a Better Queen, a Better Country, never more Equitable and Just Laws; no Prince can have more Honour, if he pleases, than a King of *England*; no Tyrant in the Universe, that lives on the Spoils of his Harrass'd Subjects, can be half so Great or Glorious; and no People can have more Glorious *Birth-Rights*, if they are minded to keep them. How comes it then that we have a People among us, that long for the Destruction of the *Government*, and the Ruin of the Peoples *Liberties?*

Obs. Roger, you and I being of *no Party* must ever expect to be under *Oppression* for speaking the *Truth*; but to suffer for the *Glorious Cause* of *Truth*, is every Ones Duty, and the Peace of *Mind* within us, as having done our Duty, will make us ample satisfaction for *all* the *Evils* that Afflict us without. A Prospect of the Present State of the *English* Nation, and the Remarks thereon, may be of Advantage to the *Government* and the *Good People* of *England*, who are under no Obligations but to the *Interest* of their *Queen* and *Country*. We have many *Writers* in this Age, find me One, besides our selves, that does not Write for some *Party* or *Faction*. I call all *Factions* that are in any other *Interest* than that of their *Country*. What avails it the *Common Good* of our *Country*, if the *Ministry* be in the Hands of *Whigs* or *Tories*, *Low* or *High-Flyers*, *Englishmen* or *Memorialists*, if the *One* as well as the *Other* pursue the same Game of *Self-Intrest*, and *Oppress* the *Righteous* and *Honest Englishmen*, and prefer only such as *have not* Suffer'd, or *will not* Suffer for the *Publick Good?*

Ever since Her Majesties happy Accession to the *Throne*, we have had an Uninterrupted *Cavil* of *Parties*, who shall *get In*, and who shall *turn Out* of the *Government*; and to accomplish which, we have found Men forsaking their own *Principles*, turning Tail upon their *best Friends*, nay, becoming their *Oppressors*, because they would not do like *themselves*. We have heard those *Complaining* of *Abuses* in this Reign, which they *Justify'd* in *another*. We have found *Whigs* acting like *Tories*, and *Tories* like *Whigs*, as if *Men* and their *Principles* were turn'd *Topsy-Turvy*, and things look'd as if all *Affairs*, like our *News*, were at an uncertainty.

A Wise Man will over-look all these *Cavils* of *Interest*, and Despise these *Fops* of *Grandeur*; these *Bubbles* of *Authority*, whose Essence consists in *Popular Breath*; who glitter a while in the *Sunshine* of *Power*, and then burst into their *Original Nothing*; leaving these *Insects of Authority*, like *Ants* about the Tree of *Government*: Amidst all these *Cavils* let us examine the State of our happy *Government*,

And

And here, *Country-man*, I do assert, That notwithstanding our *Cavils* at *Home*, about *Sharing* and *Ingrossing* the *Government*; and the Artifices of the *French* Court to accomplish our *Common Ruin* and *Destruction*, yet both *Queen* and *People* are safe.

We shall, at times, have several Discourses from the Topick I am now going to Advance; 'tis a useful Subject, and I am sure every true *Englishman* will thank me for clearing up this Point, *That the Queen and People are safe*.

And that appear from the Indivisibility of the Interest of both Queen and People; when once the Interest of a Prince and the People are the same; when the King or Queen cannot suffer in their *Regal Dignity* but it must nearly affect the Subject; when the People cannot suffer in their *Prerogatives* but it must affect the Prince; when neither of 'em can be hurt but the other must feel it; when the Interest of both is so interwoven that a Separation must be the Ruin of both, *then are both safe*.

Now that this is our Condition, by our happy Circumstance I shall make appear fully to *ALL* but *Jacobites*, *High-Flyers* and *Memorialists*, who are Blind in their Intellectuals.

We need not long insist upon the Obligations the Queen lies under to Her People; She had never been Queen of *England*, nor we a Free People, had not the People secur'd Her Right to the Crown, which was juggl'd away in a *Warming-Pan*. And ever since Her Majesties happy Accession to the Throne, Her People have maintain'd that Right, have amply supply'd Her Majesty with all Necessaries to secure Her *Government* at Home, and to maintain Her *Alliance* Abroad for the Common Good.

But my chief Design is to show, *what Obligations the People are under to the Queen, and how far their Interest depends upon Her Majesties Safety*. And here I might run out into a long Discourse of the Vertues inherent in Her Majesty, how well She has Govern'd for the Good of Her People, and how much She has Suffer'd from a Wicked Band of *Memorialists* and *High-Flyers* for being *true* to Her Word, Her own Interest, and that of Her People.

But certainly the Interest of a Queen and People were never so interwoven, in so much that one cannot be Ruin'd without the other. The People have such a Dependance on the Safety of the *Government*, that should that once fail, all the Props of *Liberty* and *Property* must rumble with it.

Interest is the firmest Bond, and if you can prove, that 'tis the Interest of a People to stand by their Queen, you have proved all. Now to prove that such is the Interest of the People, let us consider what is out of the *Exchequer* in the Hands of the Good People of *England*, including some few Foreigners in the Year 1706. at 5 *l.* per *Cent.*

	Millions	Thousands
In all the Annuities past for 99 Years	06	000
For Lives	00	300
On Caistangs Paper	05	000
	11	300
New *East-India* Company	02	000
The Bank of *England*	01	200
The Million Bank	00	500
Millions	15	000
The Loans on the last Winter Sessions of Parliament on the Land-Tax, and the Malt-Act, above	02	000
In all	17 Millions.	000

Now, you see, *Roger*, here is 17 Millions in the Hands of the People, that will not be worth 17 Pence, if God for our Sins should suffer us to lose this Happy *Government*.

Not only the People Interested in these Loans are obliged to the Security of the *Government*, but many Thousand others Interested in the Persons that Lent this Money, will also be Ruin'd by any Failure in the *Government*; for we find in the Rotation of *Trade*, that when one great Wheel breaks, the lesser Wheels that are moved by the force of the greater, are shatter'd to pieces; and so it will be in this Case, there will be many Millions besides the 17 lost by a Failure in the *Government*.

Country-m. Master, this is a fair Case, my Country Noddle conceives it; the Queen and People without doubt are safe. Why, Master, how will these People Fight for their 17 Millions? And how many People are there that these Men owe Money to, who must do the like, or else they must lose all? But, Master, how many Thousands, how many Millions are there in the Kingdom, to whom the *Government* owes no Money, that will Fight as Vigorously in Defence of Her Majesties Person and *Government*, as those to whom the *Government* is Indebted? 'Tis certainly true he that Fights for Queen *Anne* Fights for himself, that's my Country Maxim, and I'll make it out plainly.

You know, Master, I am a Country Fellow, I have got a good Lease, and I thank God a long one, now suppose Gaffer *Perkin*, with a parcel of *French Slaves* should come to Invade *England*, my Landlord he's a *Whig*, and if the Brat of St. *Germains* should carry the Day, then my Landlord will be Hang'd, and his Estate will be given to a *High-Flyer*, a *Memorialist*, or a *Papist*, or to *all* of 'em in *One Person*, for only the Name makes the Difference; and then, Master, what will become of my Lease, of all my Improvements? perhaps I have more on the Land than the Land is worth; and the New Grantee Landlord will not consider the Equity of the Case, but will make me take a new Lease at a *Rack-Rent*, and what is worst of all, if he finds out that I have been *Country-man* to the *Observator*, then he'll get me Hang'd, and beg my Stock, and so my Wife *Joan*, and all my Children shall be sent a Begging. No, Master, I won't be Hang'd, I'll rather Dye in the Field; I have something to lose, and therefore something to Fight for. Come, Master, with a Bumper to the Safety of the *Queen* and *Government* let's go to Bed, not forgetting to think of this Subject against another time.

Advertisements.

DR Archer's Famous Cordial Analeptic *Tablet*, or *Lozenge*, Compos'd for *CONSUMPTIONS*; which never yet failed, where the Patient hath not waited too long. It strangely helps all Decays of *Nature*, of what kind soever; Refreshes and Restores her to a Wonder. This *Cordial Analeptic Lozenge* takes away *Weariness*, *Fearfulness*, *Faintness* and *Drooping* of the *Spirits*; it makes the *Heart Chearful* and *Glad*, and mightily, to Admiration, *Strengthens* and *Comforts* a *Weak Back*; for which thing alone it ought to be valued as a Jewel. This *Cordial Analeptic Lozenge*, is esteemed the greatest Secret yet known in the World to prevent *Miscarriage*, further *Conception*, and makes *Fruitful*. A few Words is best. It hath been often try'd, and hath, beyond expectation, answer'd the wishes of several Ladies, who have very highly valued, and given it great Applause: For indeed it is the most Vertuous and most Pleasant thing in the World. *Price* 2 *s.* 6 *d.* Sold by *J. How*, at the *Seven-Stars* in *Talbot Court*, in *Grace-Church-street*.

These are to give Notice, That Mary Kirleus, Widow of *John Kirleus*, Son of Dr. *Thomas Kirleus* a Collegiate Physician of *London*, and Sworn Physician in Ordinary to King *Charles* II. is the only Person that Sells (exactly prepared) his Famous Drink and Pill, which is Eminently Experienced to Cure all Ulcers, Sores, Scabs, Itch, Scurfs, Scurvies, Leprosies, Venereal and *French* Disease, Running of the Reins, and all such Malignities, tho' never so Inveterate, in all Constitutions, at all Seasons of the Year, hindring no Business, without Fluxing, or the use of *Mercury*, which is generally Destructive. These Medicines are Truly and Faithfully prepared, as directed by her Husband, and as made and delivered to his Patients by her in his Life time (they being the only Persons then that Sold it, and to whom the Secret was ever imparted. Therefore beware of several late Ignorant Pretenders, for she perfectly knows the Doctors Methods of Curing, which she Practices with great Success, as has been several times mentioned in the Gazette, particularly the Eleventh of *April* last. She Cures many after Fluxing, Compassionates the Distressed, and deals with all Persons according to their Abilities. The Drink is 3 *s.* the Quart, the Pill 1 *s.* the Box, with Directions. She gives Advice Gratis to all that write, or come to her.

* She is Removed from the *Glass-Lanthorn* in *Plough-Yard*, to the *Golden-Ball*, in *Hand-Court*, over-against Great Turn Stile, in *Holbourn*.

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